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Her Answer.

If the love that you ask for I offer you here, Can I promise to follow you without fear? Will you take my hands in your own, dear, And keep them soft and warm? Will you teach me to trust each word you say? Will you keep my feet so they never can stray? Will you be my guide in the blue right way, My refuge in every storm?

Then I'll lovingly follow wherever you guide, Though our way may lie through a desert wide:

All through the journey, safe by your side, You shall lead me everywhere, It is sweeter to walk by faith than sight, If only you feel you are going aright. May I trust you always to find the light, And guide me safely where?

EDWARD BROWN, STOKER.

"Polly," I says, one day after my convalescence, and we were taking a bit of a walk in the churchyard, "ain't this heavenly?"

"And you feel better?" says she, laying her hand on mine.

"Better!" I says, taking a long draught of the soft, sweet-scented air, and filling my chest; "better, old girl! I feel as if I were growing backwards into a boy."

"And you fifty last week!" she says.

"Yes," I says, smiling, "and you forty-seven next week."

"And then we sat thinking for a bit."

"Polly," I says at last, as I sat there drinking in that soft breeze, and feeling it give me strength, "it's worth being ill to feel as I do now."

For you see I'd been very bad, else I dare say I'm not the man to go hanging about churchyards and watching funerals; I'm a stoker, and my work lies in steamers trading to the East. I'd come home from my last voyage bad with fever, caught out in one of those nasty, hot, bad smelling ports—been carried home to die, as my mates thought; and it was being like this, and getting better, that had set me thinking so seriously, and made me so quiet; not that I was ever a noisy sort of man, as any one who knows me will say. And now, after getting better, the doctor had said I must go into the country to get strong; so as there was no more voyaging till I was strong, there was nothing for it but to leave the youngsters under the care of the eldest girl and a neighbor, and come and take lodgings out in this quiet Surrey village.

Polly never thought I should get better, and one time no more did I; for about a month before this time, as I lay hollow-eyed and yellow on the bed, knowing, too, how bad I looked—for I used to make young Dick bring me the looking-glass every morning—the doctor came as usual, and like a blunt Englishman I put it to him flat.

"Doctor," I says, "you don't think I shall get better?" and I looked him straight in the face.

"Oh, come, come, my man!" he says, smiling, "we never look at the black side like that."

"None of that, doctor," I says; "out with it like a man. I can stand it; I've been expecting to be drowned or blown up half my life, so I shan't be scared at what you say."

"Well, my man," he says, "your symptoms are of a very grave nature. You see the fever had undermined you before you came home, and unless—"

"All right, doctor, I says; "I understand; you mean that unless you can get a new plate in the boiler, she won't stand another voyage."

"Oh, come! we won't look upon it as a hopeless case," he says; "there's always hope," and after a little more talk, he shook hands and went away.

Next day when he came, I had been thinking it all over, and was ready for him. I don't believe I was a bit better; in fact, I know I was drifting fast, and I saw it in his eye as well.

I waited till he had asked me his different questions, and then just as he was getting up to go, I asked him to sit down again.

"Polly, my dear," I says, "I just want a few words with the doctor; and she put her apron up to her eyes and went out, closing the door after her very softly, while the doctor looked at me very curious like, and waited for me to speak.

"Doctor," I says, "you've about given me up. There, don't shake your head, for I know. Now don't you think I'm afraid to die, for I don't believe I am, but look here: there's seven children down stairs, and if I leave my wife a widow with the few pounds I've been able to save, what's to become of them? Can't you pull me through?"

"My dear fellow," he says, honestly, "I've done everything I can for your case."

"That's what you think, doctor," I says, "but look here: I've been at sea thirty years, and in seven wrecks. It's been like dodging death with me a score of times. Why, I pulled my wife there regularly out of the hands of death, and I'm not going to give up now. I've been—"

"Stop, stop," he says, gently. "You're exciting yourself."

"Not a bit," I says, though my voice was quite a whisper. "I've had this over all night, and I've come to think I must be up and doing my duty."

"But, my good man," he began.

"Listen to me, doctor, I says. "A score of times I might have given up and been drowned, but I made a fight for it, and was saved. Now I mean to make a fight for it, here, for the sake of the wife and bairns. I don't mean to die, doctor, without a struggle. I believe this here, that life's given to us all as a treasure to keep; we might throw it away by our own folly at any time,

but there's hundreds of times when we may preserve it, and we never know whether we can save it till we try. Give's a drink of that water."

He held the glass to my lips, and I took a big draught and went on, he seeming all the time to be stopping to humor me in my madness.

"That's better, doctor," I says, "Now look here, sir, speaking as one who has sailed the seas, it's a terrible stormy time with me; there's a lee shore close at hand, the fires are drowned out, and unless we can get up a bit of sail there's no chance for me. Now, then, doctor, can you get up a bit of sail?"

"I'll go and send something that will quiet you," he said, rising.

"Thanky, doctor," I says, smiling to myself. "And now look here, I'm not going to give up till the last; and when that last comes, and the ship's going down, why, I shall have a try if I can't swim to safety. If that fails, and I can really feel that it is to be, why, I hope I shall go down into the great deep calmly, like a hopeful man, praying that Something above will forgive me all I've done amiss, and stretch out His fatherly hand to my little ones."

He went away, and I dropped asleep, worn out with my exertion.

When I woke, Polly was standing by the bedside watching me, with a bottle and glass on the little table.

As soon as she saw my eyes open, she shook up the stuff, and poured it into a wine glass.

"Is that what the doctor sent?" I says.

"Yes, dear; you were to take it directly."

"Then I shan't take it," I says. "He's give me up, and that stuff's only to keep me quiet. Polly, you go and make me some beef tea, and make it strong."

She looked horrified, poor old girl, and was about to beg me to take hold of the rotten life-belt he'd sent me, when I held out my shaking hand for it, took the glass, and let it tilt over—there was only about a couple of teaspoonfuls in it, and the stuff fell on the carpet.

I saw the tears come in her eyes, but she said nothing—only put down the glass, and ran out to make the beef tea.

The doctor didn't come till late next day, and I was lying very still and drowsy, half asleep like, but I was awake enough to hear him whisper to Polly, "Sinking fast," and I heard her give such a heart-broken sob that as the next great wave came on the sea where I was floating, I struck out with all my might, rose over it, and floated gently down the other side.

For the next four days—putting it as a drowning man striving for his life like a true-hearted fellow—it was like great foaming waves coming to wash over me, but the shore, still in sight, and me trying hard to reach it.

And it was a grim, hard fight; a dozen times I could have given up, folded my arms, and said good-bye to the dear old watching face safe on shore; but a look at that always cheered me, and I fought on again and again, till at last the sea seemed to go down, and, in utter weariness, I turned on my back to float restfully with the tide bearing me shoreward, till I touched the sands, crept up them, and fumbled down worn out, to sleep in the warm sun—safe.

That's a curious way of putting it, you may say, but it seems natural to me to mix it up with the things of sea-going life, and the manner in which I've seen so many fight hard for their lives. It was just like striving for the midst of a storm to me, and when at last I did fall into a deep sleep, I felt surprised like to find myself lying in my own bed, with Polly watching by me; and when I stretched out my hand, and took hers, she let loose that whic, she had kept hidden from me before, and falling on her knees by my bedside, she sobbed for very joy.

"As much beef-tea as brandy as you can get him to take," the doctor says, that afternoon; and it was long before I got from slops to solid, and then was sent, as I told you, into the country to get strong, while the doctor had made of praise for the cure he had made.

I never said a word to Polly, for he did his best, but I don't think any medicine would have cured me then.

I was saying a little to Polly about the hands of death, and of the time when we were both quite young, though for the matter of that I don't feel much different and can't well see the change. That was in one of the little ram-shackle sort of days, and how it was not puzzles me. It was moi weather then the make or ships, I can tell you, that find their way safe to port passengers, poor things, better, used to take passengers, a voyage too from never got back.

Well, I was working on er as they used to call the heavy laden and with about pengers on board, we started with all well, till we got off the west coast of Africa, came one of the heaviest ever in. Even for a well-such as they can build to have been a hard fight; poor shabby wooden tub, it case from the first.

Our skipper made a b though, and tried hard to of the ports; but, bless a man do when, after ten about, the coals run out, that have been kept goi

and oil, and everything that can be thrust into the furnaces, are drowned; when the paddle-wheels are only in the way, every bit of sail set is blown clean out of the bolt-ropes, and at last the ship begins to drift fast for a lee shore!

There was our case, and every hour the sea seemed to get higher, and the wind more fierce, while I heard from more than one man how fast the water was gaining below.

My mate and I didn't want any telling though. We'd been driven up out of the stoke-hole like a pair of drowned rats, and I came on deck to find the bulwarks ripped away, and the sea every now and then leaping aboard, and washing the lumber about in all directions.

The skipper was behaving very well, and he kept us all at the pumps, turn and turn in spells, but we might as well have tried to pump the sea dry; and when, with the water gaining fast, we told him what we thought, he owned as it was no use, and we gave up.

We'd all been at it, crew and passengers, about forty of us altogether, including the women—five of them they were, and they were all on deck, lashed in a sheltered place, close to the poop. And very pitiful it was to see them fighting hard at first and clinging to the side, but only to grow weaker, half-drowned as they were; and I saw two sink down at last, and hang drooping-like from their lashings, dead, for not a soul could do them a turn.

I was holding on by the shrouds when the mate got to the skipper's side, and I saw in his blank face that he was telling him. Of course we couldn't hear his words in such a storm, but we didn't want to, for his lips said plainly enough: "She's sinking!"

Next moment there was a rush made for the boats, and two of the passengers cut loose a couple of the women; place was made for them before the first boat was too full, and she was lowered down, cast off, and a big wave carried her clear of the steamer. I saw her for a moment on the top of the ridge, and then she plunged down the other side out of our sight—and that of everybody else; for how long she lived, who can say? She was never picked up or heard of again.

Giving a bit of a cheer, our chaps turned to the next, and were getting in when there came a wave like a mountain, ripped her from the davits, and when I shook the water from my eyes, there she was hanging by one end, stove in, and the men who had tried to launch her gone—skipper and mate as well.

There were only seven of us now, and I could see beside the three women lashed to the side, and only one of them was alive; and for a bit no one moved, everybody being stunned-like with horror; but there came a lull, and feeling that the steamer was sinking, I shouted out to the boys to come on, and we ran to the last boat, climbed in, and were casting off, when I happened to catch sight of the women lashed under the bulwarks there.

"Hold hard!" I roars, for I saw one of them wave her hand.

"Come on, you fool!" shouts my mate, "she's going down!"

I pray I may never be put to it again like that, with all a man's selfish desire for life fighting against him. For a moment I shut my eyes, and then began to lower; but I was obliged to open them again, and as I did so I saw a wild, scared face, with long wet hair clinging round it, and a pair of little white hands were stretched out to me as if for help.

"Hold hard!" I shouts.

"No, no!" roared out two or three; "there isn't a moment!" and as the boat was being lowered from the davits, I made a jump, caught the bulwarks with my hands, and climbed back on board, just as the boat kissed the water, was unhooked, and floated away.

Then as I crept, hand-over-hand, to the girl's side, whipped out my knife and was cutting her loose, while her weak arms clung to me, I felt a horrible feeling of despair come over me, for the boat was leaving us, and I knew what a coward I was at heart, as I had to fight with myself so as not to leave the girl to her fate, and leap overboard to swim for my life. I got the better of it, though—went down on my knees so as not to see the boat, and got the poor, trembling, clinging creature loose.

"Now, my lass," I says, "quick!" and I raised her up; "hold on by the side while I make fast a rope round you."

And then I stood up to hail the boat—the boat as wasn't there, for in those brief moments she must have capsized, and we were alone on the sinking steamer, which now lay in the trough of the sea.

As soon as I got over the horror of the feeling, a sort of stony despair came over me, but when I saw that little pale, appealing face at my side, looking to me for help, that brought the manhood back, and in saying encouraging things to her I did myself good.

My first idea was to make something that would float us, but I gave that up directly, for I could feel that I was helpless, and getting the poor girl more into shelter, I took a bit of tobacco in a sort of stolid way, and set down with a cork life-buoy over my arm—one which I had cut loose from where it had hung forgotten behind the wheel.

But I never used it, for the storm went down fast, and the steamer floated still, water-logged, for three days, when we were picked up by a passing vessel, half-starved, but hoping. And during that time my companion had told me that she was the attendant of one of the lady passengers on board, and at last, when we parted, she kissed my hand, and called me her hero, who had saved her life—poor grimy me, you know.

We wasn't long, though, before we

met again, for somehow we'd settled that we'd write, and a twelvemonth after Mary was back in England and my wife. That's why I said I took her like out of the hands of death, though in a selfish sort of way, being far, you know, from perfect. But what I say, speaking as Edward Brown, stoker, is this: Make a good fight of it, no matter how black things may look, and leave the rest to Him.

What they Eat.

To get some idea of the enormous eating power of guests who reside in hotels, it is only necessary to say that in one ordinary day's feedings one of the leading hotels in New York city consumes 1,959 pounds of beef, short loins and ribs, 1,800 pounds of mutton chops, nearly 4,000 pounds of spring lamb, 80 dozens of sweetbreads and 1,000 pounds of the hind quarters of veal for roasting and cutlets. The same hotels averaged 40 pounds a day of prime corned beef, or from 1,400 to 1,600 pounds of corned beef per week. Extra beef, which only includes the four quarters, and excludes the hides, fat and offal, brings \$13 to \$14 a hundred weight at the yards. The best comes from Illinois, and it is superior to the beef raised in any other State in the Union. Many butchers will, however, tell their customers that the beef which comes from Texas is native to Illinois. Ohio sends a fair quality of beef. But if it were not for the vast quantities brought from Texas to the city beef would bring fifty cents a pound in the market steadily. Dutchess county and Orange county occasionally send some fancy beef to private parties, but it is only a drop in the ocean. Some meat is hardly fit to eat when brought to market, and one morning at Washington market Superintendent Devoe seized no less than 357 quarters of bob veal, which were almost in a state of putrefaction. This shows the danger formerly encountered by housewives who were fond of roast veal or nice little cutlets. The worst kind of beef brings at the yards \$8 a hundred weight, and Texan beef brings about \$9.50 a hundred when it is in good condition. About 250 goats and kids are brought to market every year in this city, and they will average 45 pounds a carcass dressed, but their meat is never in any great demand, and is only eaten by people whose palates are in an exhausted state. Sixty roasting pigs are sold weekly on an average and weigh from 15 to 20 pounds each. The consumption of hams in the city amounts to from 5,000 to 7,500 hams per week, and they chiefly come from the Western States. Of tame turkeys, ducks of all kinds, geese and guinea fowls there are delivered to the New York markets about 1,500 tons a week, and their price varies according to season, but they are at the maximum rates about the holidays.—New York Herald.

Wanted to Pay Taxes.

One day a resident of the northern part of Detroit, says the Free Press, called at the city hall, and finding the official who received taxes, he said: "I called here to pay some taxes. How much shall I pay?"

"Where's your property?" asked the official.

"Haven't got any."

"And what are you going to pay taxes on?"

"I dunno, but I want to pay 'em. I've had it flung up to me a dozen times that I ain't no taxpayer and ain't no business talking around, and now I want to pay in whatever is right and be as good as anybody."

"But you are not taxed."

"Why ain't I? Ain't I as good as anybody?"

"Yes, but you can't be taxed when you have no taxable property."

"I can't, eh? Well, there are other towns besides Detroit, and if I can't feel as good as anybody else here I can pack up and leave."

And he put up his wallet and went out.

Shade Trees.

Many farmers now see how much they have missed it by permitting the wholesale destruction of forest trees upon their lands. From the nakedness of the country, droughts are becoming common. From the scarcity of timber trees, the cost of fencing and erecting buildings is annually increasing. But there is one way whereby amends may partly be made. Let there be one united plan to have rows of beautiful and useful trees set out on both sides of all our public highways. Let sugar trees, walnut trees, oak trees, chestnut trees, locust trees, catalpa trees, silver-leaved poplar trees, etc., stretch their long avenues in every direction all over the country. How it would relieve the nakedness of the land! What a grateful shade they would give to the weary traveler! The value of farms would become almost immediately enhanced as soon as these rows of beautiful trees were planted out. And in the distant future, when those trees should arrive at maturity of growth, the value of the timber itself would become a most important item. Let grangers and others take hold of this matter.

CHURCHY.—Some Prussian army officers are under arrest for cruelty to a soldier. They compelled him to go through with exhausting drills, and when he complained of sickness, they added increased tasks as a punishment for "shamming." He died at last, and then it was found that he had been suffering from a brain disease. The case reminds one of that of Connolly, the Blackwell's island convict, who was tortured by the keepers.

Jack and Jill.

"To climb that stately eminence," Says Jill to Jack, "I go; And if thou lov'st, then follow me, Follow in weal or woe."

Says Jack to Jill: "Whate'er thou wilt, Thy will is law to me; And if to climb thou dost desire, Lead on! I'll follow thee."

They climbed the hill, but all too soon Repentance came to Jill; For Jack he tripped upon a stone, And tumbled down the hill.

"O Jack! O Jack! My own true love! Oh, 'What a fall was there!' Behold! Like thee, I'll crack my crown, For what thou dar'st, I dare!"

"I called on thee to follow me, Whilst climbing up the hill." With one wild shriek, "I follow thee Were the last words of Jill."

Items of Interest.

Ode to my landlady—three weeks' board.

A new definition of an old maid is—a woman who has been maid for a long time.

The leather business of the United States represents a working capital of \$70,000,000.

"Shingle weddings" are now coming into fashion. This novel wedding takes place when the first born is old enough to speak.

A St. Louis woman enumerates among her friends twenty-two women who have become bald from wearing heavy masses of false hair.

An aspiring lady of Utica, N. Y., is expending \$16,000 to put aside two hundred and fifty feet high on one of the churches of that city.

Col. Arthur Ginn has a ten-acre orange grove on Lake Monroe, Fla., which contains seven hundred trees, yielding from \$10,000 to \$13,000 per year.

A Putney (N. Y.) girl put in a lively ten hours' work the other day. She nailed in that time 900 grape-boxes, driving 10,000 nails and handling 3,000 pieces of wood.

Miss Hulet

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M. A. Richardson & Co., Matthew Rowe, and the
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The Cattle Show at Concord.

The Middlesex Agricultural Society held its eighty-first annual exhibition, this week, on their extensive and convenient grounds, in the old and historic town of Concord. This being our first visit, we could not but be instructed and entertained, on our trip from the terminus of the Middlesex Branch to the fair grounds, by a companion who remembers well when the "cattle show" was held in the square in front of the old Middlesex Hotel; and the importance of the farmers of this section attach to it, was best illustrated by the ground and buildings which are to-day the site for the annual exhibitions.

The first day, Tuesday, was the business day,—devoted to awarding prizes to the different competitors for honors as growers of vegetables, makers of bread, churners of butter, knitters of all sorts of goods, florists, grape growers, poultry raisers, stock breeders, etc., and trials of working and matched horses, and oxen.

Wednesday was the day of the fair, according to the programme. The annual dinner; the distinguished guests; the expected throng,—all being relied upon; but the "annular eclipse" was too much for "Old Probabilities," who predicted cloudy and clearing weather, and a rainy and drizzly day was the consequence. Gov. Gaston and suit were expected on the train which leaves Boston at 8.10, a. m., and the Concord Artillery, with the band, were at the depot at Concord, but the guests failed to put in an appearance, and the gay marshals; excellent band and finely drilled company, acted as a very efficient escort to the motly throng who followed them to the grounds.

The stallion race was the first thing on the programme, but the rain was falling so heavily at the time, it was postponed, and the visitors amused themselves in viewing the attractions afforded by the tables in the main hall. The Governor, and other invited guests, arrived at noon, and after making a tour of the building, the procession for the upper hall, where the dinner was served, was formed, and to the music of the band, the company were soon seated at the amply spread tables.

A few hours at the cattle show are calculated to give one an appetite, and the President showed his good sense by giving nearly an hour in which to satisfy the cravings of nature, and discuss the good things provided. Mr. John Cummings, President of the Society, then rapped for order, and in a neat speech briefly stated that the exhibition of stock deserved only praise; considering the season, the apple show was excellent; the display of pears exceeded anything ever shown here, and he believed elsewhere. The vegetables were what might be expected, and if the early frosts had destroyed some of the best grape specimens, he was not ashamed of the display. He was followed by Gov. Gaston, who he introduced very neatly, stating that it was the first time in many years, that the Society had been thus honored. Gov. Gaston made a very acceptable after-dinner speech, and was followed by Hon. J. K. Tarbox, Judge Brooks, and Hon. E. Rockwood Hoar. The last gentleman made several very happy hits. He was called on by the President to relate his experience in changing Bermuda potatoes to Early Rose. He replied as follows: On the 19th of April (when all were aware there were several visitors to this old town), he indulged in a little extravagance, and bought half a bushel of Bermuda potatoes. They were not all eaten, and being, like Mrs. Gilpin, of a frugal turn of mind, he planted the peck or so that was left. His neighbors all told him that, like all other Southern productions when planted in the North, they would not come to maturity but would run to vines, producing no fruit. However, he planted them side by side with his Early Rose and at the same time. The result was, not only that the Bermuda came to maturity but that they produced a good crop fully one week before the Early Rose.

After the close of Judge Hoar's remarks, the rain having ceased, the company assembled in the vicinity of the half mile track to witness the races announced for the afternoon. The track was a trifle heavy, but the trotting was very satisfactory, and the time good considering the state of the track.

Between one of the heats Mr. Henry Wood, of Bedford, brought on the track a beautiful grey pony, which was ridden twice around, without saddle, bridle or attachment, by his little nephew, a lad about ten years of age, who showed wonderful skill, both as a rider and trainer. At the close of the "road wagon" race, "Commonwealth" was also exhibited. He is a splendid animal.

Arlington was well represented in the display, both of fruit and vegetables. Dr. H. L. Hodgdon took the first and some other premiums on pears, and Mr. John Fillebrown also bore off honors. The display of vegetables, by Warren W. Rawson, while less conspicuous than that of Mr. John Cummings, of Woburn, awarded the highest premium, was very fine, and received substantial awards from the committee. Want of space, as well as time, prevents our giving a more full list of the premiums. We will give our home list in our next issue.

Several articles arrived too late to compete for premiums, though exhibited. Among the number was the Arlington Hand Seed Drill, manufactured by Mr. S. C. Buckman, so well and favorably known in Arlington.

The weather on Thursday was rather more favorable, and a goodly number were in attendance to witness the trials on the race track, which our reporter informs us were very satisfactory. We hope the society will be favored with clearer and better weather next year.

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PRESENTATION AND SUFFER.—The Highland Hose Company entertained those that took a part with them at the Firemen's Muster, at Lynn, on the 15th ult., together with some members of the Charlestown fire department, and some invited guests of Arlington, numbering about 45 in all, at their hose house, on Friday evening, of last week, the occasion being the presentation of a solid silver trumpet, by the "Red Jacket" Hose Company, of Charlestown, which was won at a former trial, to the "Highland's." The hose house presented quite a neat appearance, being profusely decorated with flags and flowers. On entering the room, the first object to attract attention, was a life-like "fire scene," finely executed by the Neilsen Brothers, fresco painters, of this town. Above this was a banner, bearing the following:

"When hissing flames around us fly, we'll save our homes, our lives, or die."

Owing to the sickness of Capt. Paine, of the "Red Jacket," he was unable to attend, and Mr. Hadley, expressman, of East Lexington, brought the trumpet out, and presented it, in behalf of the "Red Jacket" Hose Company.

Mr. Matthew Rowe, captain of the Highlands, tendered, on behalf of the company, thanks to Captain Paine for the valuable present he had the honor of accepting, and was sorry that sickness prevented Mr. Paine from attending. He hoped that Mr. Hadley would convey to him (Paine) the hearty thanks of the Highland Hose Company.

This is the third trumpet the Highland boys have received within the past three years. One at the Catholic Fair, Arlington, in 1873, which was taken by the former company when it disbanded; one at the Firemen's muster, Lynn, and one from the "Red Jacket" Hose Company, of Charlestown.

After the presentation the party sat down to a "clam chowder," which was done ample justice by all present. The company and their guests then enjoyed themselves in dancing, singing, and other amusements, until about one o'clock, and then broke up highly pleased with the evening's entertainment.

There is some talk that the Highland Hose are going to challenge the Lowell or Manchester companies, after the race arranged between them has been run.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The annual exhibition of the Horticultural Society, occurred last week, in Music Hall, Boston. Arlington was well represented, and bore off a large number of the prizes,—more than any other one town. Mr. Walter Russell secured the first premiums for "Baldwin" and "Hubbardston" apples. The following is the report of the committee on vegetables:

Vegetables.—Celery, John Fillebrown, Arlington, first; Josiah Crosby, Arlington, second. Beets, turnip-rooted, 1st, G. F. Stone; 2d, Walter Russell; 3d, J. Fillebrown; Long Blood variety, 1st, Josiah Crosby; 2d, S. A. Merrill, Danvers; 3rd, Atherton T. Brown, Brookline. Carrots, Early Horn, 1st, Walter Russell; 2d, A. Hatch; 3d, Geo. W. Pierce, Everett. Long Orange variety, 1st, J. Fillebrown; 2d, W. W. Rawson, Arlington; 3d, J. Crosby, Arlington. Intermediate variety, 1st, W. Russell, Arlington; 2d, G. W. Pierce, Everett; 3d, Mrs. M. T. Goddard, Newton.

SUNDAY LECTURES.—Rev. George W. Cutter, pastor of the 1st Congregational (Unitarian) Church, has made arrangements for a course of Sunday evening lectures, during the coming season. The following programme was announced last Sunday: Oct. 3d, Rev. E. C. Guild, "Household Economy"; Oct. 17th, Rev. J. F. Lovering, "The Treatment of Paupers"; Oct. 31st, Rev. H. C. Bates, "Morals of Trade"; Nov. 14th, Rev. G. W. Cutter, "Our Duty to Criminals"; Nov. 28th, Rev. R. Metcalf, "Morals of Legislation"; Dec. 12th, Rev. H. H. Barber, "Our Public Schools."

AUCTION SALE.—Last Saturday afternoon the Avenue, in front of Ober's furniture store, presented a lively scene. The occasion was the auction sale of a large lot of household furniture. The veteran auctioneer, Mr. B. Poland, was too ill to attend to his duties, and deputised Mr. Ober to act for him. The goods brought fair prices.

THE ECLIPSE.—When most of our readers take up their morning paper to-day the sun will be all over, but there is no satisfaction in being right across the half an hour before the sun appeared above the horizon, and lasted about half an hour. To the eastward of this visible, and to the people on the Mississippi could not see it at all, the eclipse was in a belt of about 120 miles wide the bright rim of the sun appeared outside of the dark disc of the moon. The Cambridge Observatory is a valuable scientific interest, worth getting at six o'clock to look at.—*Globe, Sept. 29.*

FIRES IN NEW ENGLAND.—According to record of fires during the month of August, 1875, the loss by fires in New England amounts to \$316,875. Our estimates are made with as much care as possible, but are mainly based upon the reports given by newspapers. In most instances we have corrected these when over-estimated:

Massachusetts	\$116,375
Vermont	76,700
Connecticut	64,000
New Hampshire	28,100
Maine	24,800
Rhode Island	9,900
Total	\$366,875

ACCIDENT.—A serious and perhaps fatal accident happened to Mr. Cyrus Cutler, a well-known citizen, eighty-two years old, about eleven o'clock, this (Friday) forenoon. He had been engaged in making some repairs to his mill, situated on Mill street, and had attempted to descend into the room by means of a ladder, and was accidentally precipitated, head foremost, upon the rocks below. He was able to crawl out of the water and escape drowning, but could not ascend the ladder, and it was a long time before his cries attracted attention. Mr. James M. Chase and his workmen rescued him, and carried him home. Mr. C. is badly cut and bruised about the head and face, and though no bones are broken, it is feared he cannot survive the shock.

INCENDIARY FIRE.—Last Saturday evening a shed on the estate of Mr. David Puffer, on Charlestown street, used for the storing of hot-bed sash and mats, was discovered to be on fire. There was considerable delay in giving the alarm, as the fire made but little light. The entire department turned out, and the "Mystic hose," of Medford, put in an appearance. The loss will amount to over \$1,000, and there was only a trifling insurance on the mats.

RUNAWAY.—Saturday afternoon, Mr. Ober's horse took a notion to run away. He started from in front of the store, turned down Medford street, and dashing through Beacon street, up Park to the Avenue, up the Avenue to Medford, down Medford to his stable, he brought up in the barn. The only damage was a broken trace.

BREAK-DOWN.—Monday afternoon, a horse attached to a buggy, containing two ladies, was frightened by an approaching train at the centre crossing, and turning suddenly, wrenched one of the hind wheels. Another carriage was procured at Currier's, and the ladies went on their way.

[Correspondence.]

The New Voters.

Among the voters of this Commonwealth there is one class who are overlooked, especially by the political "managers"—we mean those who come upon the stage of political action since the close of the war. In the ordinary course of things this class ought to comprise nearly one-third of the whole body of voters. And yet, where do we see anything like a fair proportionate representation of these men in office, in Republican conventions, and in general political recognition? There is no question at all as to their high average of intelligence, character and fitness for political duties. They are the life of our business interests, and would be equally valuable in all places of public trust and responsibility. If they do not push themselves for office with the skill and energy of older politicians, they are certainly deserving of all the greater credit for that fact, and the more thoughtful and far-seeing members of the Republican party should take care that it does not suffer from the neglect of those whom it especially needs.

It should be observed, also, that this young class of voters have been in general trained up under Republican influences and with a decided predilection for Republican rule. Deriving their first impressions of the Republican party during the years when it stood as the bulwark of national safety against Democratic treason, and when it was resolutely implanting in the Constitution the inestimable guarantees of equal rights, they have naturally associated it with all that is patriotic and progressive. During these years they have not been able to credit a single great thought, a wise suggestion or a brilliant example to the Democratic party. But they have kept up with the times; they have had no old prejudices and obsolete ideas

to unload, and so they know that reconstruction is past, the war and its mighty concerns are rolled up and laid aside, unless to be reopened by some new and improbable madness; prohibition and anti-prohibition are to them cries "of little meaning, although the words are strong;" and they are interested only in the practical, living issues of the day. If they cannot be relied upon, as a rule, to vote the Republican ticket with the undeviating regularity which prevailed a dozen years ago, it is not because they cherish any regard for the Democratic party, but because they think they see in occasional independent voting the only means of disciplining the Republican organization up to the point required by its principles and warranted by its glorious past.

The Republican party has not, in this juncture, to make recruits from the enemy; it has simply to hold its own—and if it must lose a few veteran politicians who have come to set undue importance upon political management, without regard to the character of their confederates, it still has the privilege of securing the hearty support of that great body of the younger voters of Massachusetts who simply want to apply the fruits of their Republican training to the vital and pressing issues of their own times.

OLD STAGER.

[Correspondence.]

MR. EDITOR.—Charles Dickens puts in the mouth of poor Stephen Blackpool the familiar saying—"It's all a nuddle." So are our politics. There was a Democratic caucus, last week, which chose delegates to the State Convention. The principal orator said to the assembled throng (there were seven present, by actual count)—"If this is a Democratic caucus, where in— are the Democrats?" He was all in a nuddle.

Last Monday evening the Republicans had a caucus, and chose for their presiding officer the chairman of the Democratic District Committee, of last year, and chose their delegates. Then I was in a nuddle. We used to nominate our delegates, and elect or reject them afterwards.

But then I have lots of company. I see by the published result of the Arlington Republican caucus, that the nuddle is not for us alone. If I remember rightly, the chairman of the second principal delegation, last year, publicly withdrew from the party, by avowing his intention to "vote for Banks and the straight Democratic ticket."

Yours truly,
A REPUBLICAN.
Lexington, Sept. 29, 1875.

[Correspondence.]

Our Chicago Lotter.

CHICAGO, Sept. 25th, 1875.

MR. EDITOR.—Without any good reason for it, a newspaper rivalry and jealousy has grown up between Chicago and St. Louis—both occupy important positions, each has a promising future regardless of the other. St. Louis has the advantage of an extensive river traffic, a central position, and an earlier start in the race. Chicago has the advantage of a vast lake business, an immense railroad connection, and is the distributing point of the great grain States of the Northwest; also the additional enterprise and spirit of a more Northern and freedom loving people. To a casual observer there is no comparison between the two cities in the business section. St. Louis is cramped, ugly, dusty and slow, while Chicago is broad, beautiful, clean and lively. "I never saw so many lifeless men together before, as I saw on Change to-day," said a business man from Michigan to me, at the St. Louis depot, last Friday evening. I had spent two days there and noticed the same thing, in such contrast to the eager and excited throng on the floor of the Chicago Board. The principal business streets are narrow; the buildings small and unsuitable. A few streets are paved, but the large majority are surfaced with holes and dust and stones. They reminded me of Milk Row twenty years ago. The streets, walks, fences, trees, grass and flowers look as though a Vesuvius power had just fallen on them, and an hour's ride gives you the appearance of a miller just from his work. There are few fine buildings, that appear more beautiful from their ordinary surroundings.

The new Merchant's Exchange is a magnificent structure,—would be a splendid building in any city—contains a hall capable of seating 8,000 persons. This is to be occupied by the Board of Trade, they paying \$25,000 annual rent. St. Louis, like other cities, is moved on the Park question. For Grove Park is newly laid out, contains 1,300 acres, well adapted naturally for forest, streams, and hills for the purpose. Mr. Shaw, an old and wealthy citizen, without family, has given to the city 30 acres, which is being laid out and embellished as Tower Grove Park. Just a side of this is a tract of 40 acres, known as "Shaw's garden, devoted wholly to flowers and shrubs, is open to the public at all times, no flowers are sold, none allowed to be cut; but here they are a free feast to the senses of sight and smell, and it is a feast to wander through it, till the eyes are tired of beauty and rich heavy odors have pallied on the taste.

THE RAIN FALL.—During the past month we have had 6 showers and storms, and the total rain fall for the month is as follows:

6th, 4 in.; 10th, 1 in.; 13th, 4 in.; 17th, 14 in.; 19th, 1 in.; 26th, 1 in.—total, 34 inches.

IMPROVEMENTS.—The town "team," under the efficient management of Mr. Kimball, are putting our streets in good condition for the coming winter. This week they have been improving the Avenue, in the vicinity of Grove street, repairing the sidewalks, gutters, etc.

Those of our readers who desire good groceries, at reasonable prices, are invited to call on Mr. Grenville P. Peirce, in the building on the corner of Arlington Avenue and Medford street.

We are in receipt of a handsomely printed pamphlet, catalogue of the ice tools manufactured by the well-known firm of Wm. T. Wood & Co., containing cuts of several new tools recently invented.

Don't forget that the opening lecture of the course, by Bethel Lodge, occurs next Tuesday evening, in the Town Hall. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore is the lecturer.

Episcopal services will be held in the Town Hall, Arlington, on Sunday, Oct. 3d, at 3 p. m. All are invited.

Mr. Shaw's will gives this to the city at his death, providing it is always kept as now,—a free public garden.

I met in St. Louis a young Texan, an ex-officer in a Texan regiment in the late rebellion. He told me that 1,929 men were on the roll of their regiment from first to last, only 220 of whom came home at the close, and only 112 of whom were living at their last annual gathering. He expressed himself to me as perfectly satisfied with the result; believed the war inevitable and necessary to convince the South of their errors; said the South never would have entered on the war but for the delusive hope of a divided North, held out by Northern men like Frank Pierce; said he would not restore slavery if he could; believes now that the institution is thoroughly antagonistic to a republican government. He thinks he is thoroughly reconstructed.

Secretary Kimball, of the Winnebago County Agricultural Society, did a great piece of advertising for it, when he invited "His Excellency Jefferson Davis" to address the Society at the annual meeting. I think it would puzzle even that Secretary to tell what "His Excellency" could say to those farmers that would be instructive in their calling. What he knows about farming would take a shorter time to relate than what he knows about the way to ruin one's country.

Ex-Senator Doolittle delivered the address before the Society,—a most admirable substitute. Judge Doolittle makes his home in Racine, Wis., but practices his legal profession in Chicago, remaining here during the week. It has been my pleasure to meet him on a number of committees, and trustee boards, and I esteem him highly as a gentleman and a scholar. He is quiet and unpretentious in demeanor, and so honest for a politician and statesman as to be comparatively poor, never having enriched himself from the public crib. In his address he recommended what he calls "household suffrage," the giving of two votes to a man of family, while the single man has but one. He also recommended a more enlarged and perfect system of inland water routes for transporting to and from the seaboard, connecting the Mississippi with the great lakes, enlarging the Erie canal, connecting the Ohio with the James, &c.

"The harvest is passed, and the summer is ended," and a more disagreeably cold and wet season I do not remember. The last week of August and the first week of September were the warmest of the season.

"As the days grow shorter, the weather grows hotter," see Thomas' Almanac, or some other poet. An abundant crop of small grains were grown, but much of it was spoiled in harvesting, by the wet, and the stacks of grain all over the West are as green as a lawn with the sprouting grain. Prices are very unsettled, and operators are undecided which way to move.

Our Exposition is open, and is a success in every respect, and has called in a large number of visitors from the country, who crowd our hotels, large though they are.

During my six years' residence in this city, the death of no other man has created so deep an expression of sadness as has that of Geo. W. Gage. He enjoyed the respect of the citizens to the fullest extent, and all sympathized with him in the reverses of fortune that overtook him. His funeral to-morrow will be largely attended.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.—The following is the State Ticket nominated by the Republican Convention, which assembled at Worcester, last Wednesday:

For Governor.—Alexander H. Rice.
Lieut. Governor.—Horatio G. Knight.
Treasurer.—Charles Endicott.
Auditor.—Julius L. Clarke.
Attorney General.—Charles R. Train.
Sec'y of State.—Henry B. Peirce.

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CAVED IN.—This week workmen have been employed in laying new planking on the R. R. crossing at the centre station. About mid-way of the crossing they found the culvert caved in, and the same will have to be caved in.

The motto of Lowe Brothers is "good goods—low prices." Their store is next to Bank Building, on Pleasant street.

BARGAINS.—Mr. Arthur Poland advertises a lot of fine furniture for sale at great bargains. It is all nearly new, and of the very best quality.

THE HAYMAKERS.—The rehearsal, last Monday evening, was most satisfactory. A treat is in store for our citizens.

Mr. Pinkham, chosen a delegate to the State Convention, was unable to attend, and Mr. J. Winslow Peirce, at his request, acted as a substitute for him.

BURIED.—Workmen were busied, on Friday, in repairing two bad breaks in the water pipes; one in front of Bradley's grocery, and the other in front of the Arlington House.

Friday morning we received from Asa Cottrick Esq., of Lexington, a spray from a "Bell-flower" apple tree, now (Oct. 1st) in blossom in his garden. It was very fragrant.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

It is an interesting fact to many that Park Avenue has been completed so thoroughly, including a side-walk, to the Belmont line, and that the Belmont side is also so nearly done. But the best of all is that, by very excellent management, only a little more than half of the money appropriated for the Arlington portion of the work was used. What a blessing if all public improvements could be accomplished in a similar competent and satisfactory manner!

THE LAND COMPANY.

have made a new departure in electing a new board of trustees, the old board all having resigned, the Hon. Oliver Warner being the only member of the old board re-appointed on the new. J. S. Pinkham, Esq., in consequence of other duties absorbing his time and energies, resigned as treasurer of the company, and one of the new trustees consented to take his place. The company certainly show very commendable enterprise in pushing forward the work of building while the market for selling remains so dull, thus preparing themselves for the demand when it comes, as come it will, and doubtless much earlier than many now suppose. The newly appointed board of trustees are all self-made and live men, men of large means—not much less if many a million—gotten by their own thrift and ability. Such men can scarcely fail where they will to succeed, and we may look for greater prosperity to the company under their management than ever.

THE UNION SOCIETY.

held their Sunday School anniversary, last Sunday evening. The chapel was very profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers. The singing was remarkably fine. The declamations, reading and speeches were all of the first order, and the whole affair was unanimously pronounced, by the large audience present, a grand success. By the Secretary's report, the school, though small compared with those in older and larger places, was found to be in a very prosperous condition. It had assembled every Sabbath, since its commencement one year ago, and yet the average attendance was fifty-three. It has a choice library of about 200 vols., several hundred dollars' worth of other valuable property, and money in the treasury.

THE HOTEL.

is somewhat depleted of its summer boarders, though a number still remain, and several students from Boston University have recently engaged rooms and board at this house for the fall and winter, and a part of them have already taken up temporary residence here.

THE SCHOOL.

in Union Hall is larger than ever this fall, and doubtless as soon as the new houses just now being finished, are completed and occupied, there will be a larger attendance than one teacher can attend to successfully.

SECRETARY DELANO'S RETIREMENT.

We do not remember the case of a retiring Cabinet officer who ever thought it worth while to write so long and elaborate a letter of resignation as Secretary Delano has just done. This would seem to imply that he is conscious of the necessity of explaining his record to the satisfaction of the public, for, of course, as between the President and himself there was no need of many words in this direction. It would be of little consequence, however, to discuss the contents of the letter, for public attention will now be turned wholly to the Secretary's successor, and the permanent popular judgment respecting Mr. Delano's administration of his department will be slowly made up, regardless of whatever he may allege at the present moment. That he does not go out of office with the prestige enjoyed by some of his colleagues is sufficiently apparent, and while this fact may do him great injustice, and in that event will be sure to be rectified in time, it has of late so far interfered with his efficiency as to render his retirement advisable and generally acceptable to the public. The changes that have been recently made in the Cabinet have been decided improvements, and their extension to the Interior Department, by the selection of a man of the stamp of Messrs. Bristow, Jewell and Pierpont, will give assurance that the President comprehends the requirements of the exigency and is doing his part to meet them. The names of Judge Tatt and Commissioner Pratt, among those already mentioned for the succession, are encouraging in this respect, and there are others equally good which are likely to come under consideration for

the place. If, as Secretary Delano would seem to intimate, the duties of the Interior Department are altogether too multifarious to be put under the charge of one officer, the subject ought to receive the attention of Congress at the next session.—*Boston Journal*.

Lexington Locals.

TOWN MEETING.—The warrant for a town meeting, Oct. 7th, has been issued. After the choice of moderator, the following articles will be acted on:

Art. 2.—To see if the town will appoint a special committee for the purpose of considering the expediency of removing the obstruction in the town way, opposite the residence of Asa Cottrell, Esq., to employ an engineer if they should deem it expedient, and report to the town, at the November meeting, as to the cost of said removal.

Art. 3.—To see what action the town will take upon the petition of William Hartwell and others, as presented to the Selectmen, for the widening of Wood street.

Art. 4.—To see what action the town will take in reference to repairing Lowell street, adjoining the town of Arlington, or otherwise act upon this article.

Art. 5.—To see what disposition the town will take upon the order of the County Commissioners upon the road as laid out near to the house of Mrs. Jane M. Bruce.

Art. 6.—To see what action the town will take upon the order of the County Commissioners upon the road laid out for Hammond Road.

Art. 7.—To see if the town will put in a concrete walk across the Main street to the Town Hall, and also across Waltham street.

Art. 8.—To see if the town will choose a committee to consider the subject of putting in a reservoir, with pump and trough, near the bridge by Mr. Kneeland's blacksmith shop.

Art. 9.—To hear the report of any Committee that may be ready to report, and act thereon.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.—The Republicans, of Lexington, assembled in the Town Hall, last Monday evening, for the choice of delegates to the different nominating conventions this fall. A goodly number were in attendance, and the caucus organized by the choice of Mr. M. H. Merriam, chairman, and Mr. F. E. Wetherell, secretary. The caucus immediately proceeded to the choice of delegates, with the following result:

State Convention.—L. A. Saville, G. H. Cutter.

County.—Gershom Swan, Alonzo Goddard.

Councilor.—W. H. Munroe, G. E. Mazzei.

Senatorial.—John P. Reed, H. B. Brigham.

The following motion prevailed— "That the sense of this meeting is in favor of the nomination of Hon. Alex. H. Rice." Mr. Webster Smith was elected as a delegate to the State Convention, but declined the position, as he could not support either Dr. Loring or Mr. Rice, as candidates for governor, his preference being for Adams.

[Correspondence.]

"Remember the Sabbath Day, and keep it wholly," was the text at the Unitarian Church, last Sabbath, although it was read to us "Holy." The idea was to have better and stronger and more christian qualities than are now shown by people in general. No one doubts but what all these good qualities now exist in the hearts of our friends and neighbors. Having listened attentively to Rev. Mr. Westcott, we came to the conclusion that he was right, and that lots of our acquaintances would have enjoyed the sermon as well as we did. If they would only come out to church they would find that preaching is intended to do good; that the pastor is in earnest, and is really interesting, and gives for a sermon just what the present needs of the hearers require. No matter what your theology may be, your common sense will be gratified, and if your theology is mortified you had better drop it. The singing was really excellent, each part being well sustained, and Mrs. T. presided at the organ, which is a warrant that the choir was well supported. With such preaching and such a pleasing choir, the old church ought soon to be filled as in olden times. We wish it to be so.

BAND.—A few weeks ago the band serenaded Hon. B. T. Batcher, of Hancock street, and he, not being prepared to receive them at the time, invited them to repeat the visit, when he might appropriately respond. On Wednesday evening, of this week, the second visit was made, and the band were entertained with a collation. Music, before and after this, rendered the evening a pleasant one.

OUR RELICS.—The new cases for the reception of the Revolutionary relics, which formed so attractive a feature of our centennial celebration, last April, have arrived, and now make a handsome and attractive addition to our town library room.

NEW TEAM.—Mr. C. T. Worthley, who is now running an overland express between Lexington and Boston, came out this week with a new team, quite a handsome affair. Such signs of prosperity are unmistakable.

IF you want your watch or clock repaired, or want a good quality of spectacles, or eye glasses, call on Nichols, Norris Block, Lexington.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION.—The Republican Senatorial Convention, assembled at Woburn, Oct. 20th. Lexington is entitled to two delegates.

ERRATA.—It was Mrs. G. F. Martin, and not Marion, as we printed it, who gave the pleasant party on Muzzey street, last week.

LECTURE.—Mr. Edward Crane, of Boston, will speak on the subject of cheap transportation, in the Town Hall, on Wednesday evening next, at 7 1/2 o'clock. Mr. Crane is a good speaker, and thoroughly understands his subject.

PYLE'S DIETETIC SALUBRITIES.—Universally acknowledged the best in use. Each pound bears the name of JAMES PYLE. None genuine with out.

Marriages.

In Arlington, Sept. 30, by Rev. Jos. M. Finotti, Mr. Jesse H. Peirce, and Miss Lizzie A. Hogan, both of Arlington.

Deaths.

Date, name and age inserted free, all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Lexington, Sept. 24, Patrick Sullivan, aged 63 years, 4 mos.

In Lexington, Sept. 23, Mrs. Clara Fogg, aged 77 years.

In Uxien, Ill., Sept. 8, Abby Maria, only child of Frank J. and Maria Bartlett, aged 10 mos., 6 days.

Special Notices.

Arlington Five Cents Savings Bank.

NEW SAVINGS BANK BUILDING,

Cor. Arlington Avenue and Pleasant St., up stairs.

Allows interest on deposits at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum, made up and added to the principal on the first Saturdays of January and July. The interest is added immediately to principal on all sums either above or below \$1,000. New deposits draw interest from the first Saturday of each month. Bank open Wednesday afternoons and Saturday afternoon and evening.

ALBERT WINN, President
ABEL H. PROCTOR, Treas.

Republican Senatorial Convention.

SIXTH MIDDLESEX DISTRICT.

The Republicans of the Sixth Middlesex Senatorial District are requested to send delegates to a convention to be held in Burbank Hall, at Woburn, on Wednesday, Oct. 20, 1875, at 3 3/4 o'clock, p.m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Senator, and transacting such other business as may properly come before it. Representation as follows: Bedford 2, Billerica 2, Burlington 1, Lexington 2, Melrose 3, North Reading 2, Reading 3, Stoneham 4, Tewksbury 2, Wakefield 4, Wilmington 1, Winchester 3, Woburn 3.

J. W. OSGOOD, District
OLIVER H. CLARK, Clerk
JOHN L. PARKER, Committee.

Sept. 27, 1875.

Course of Lectures, 1875-6.

OPENING LECTURE.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE,

Tuesday Evening, Oct. 5th.

Tickets, for Mrs. Mary A. Livermore's lecture, for sale at the Post Office. Price, 50 cents.

TICKETS, with reserved seats, for the course, \$2.50 and \$3.00, according to location.

Single Tickets, 50 cents.

For sale at the Post Office, and by the Committee.

Arlington, Sept. 29, 1875.

37-1f

[Correspondence.]

"Remember the Sabbath Day, and keep it wholly," was the text at the Unitarian Church, last Sabbath, although it was read to us "Holy." The idea was to have better and stronger and more christian qualities than are now shown by people in general. No one doubts but what all these good qualities now exist in the hearts of our friends and neighbors. Having listened attentively to Rev. Mr. Westcott, we came to the conclusion that he was right, and that lots of our acquaintances would have enjoyed the sermon as well as we did. If they would only come out to church they would find that preaching is intended to do good; that the pastor is in earnest, and is really interesting, and gives for a sermon just what the present needs of the hearers require. No matter what your theology may be, your common sense will be gratified, and if your theology is mortified you had better drop it. The singing was really excellent, each part being well sustained, and Mrs. T. presided at the organ, which is a warrant that the choir was well supported. With such preaching and such a pleasing choir, the old church ought soon to be filled as in olden times. We wish it to be so.

To Let,

A HOUSE, containing 10 rooms, in good repair, situated on Arlington Avenue, opposite Highland Avenue. For terms and further particulars, inquire of

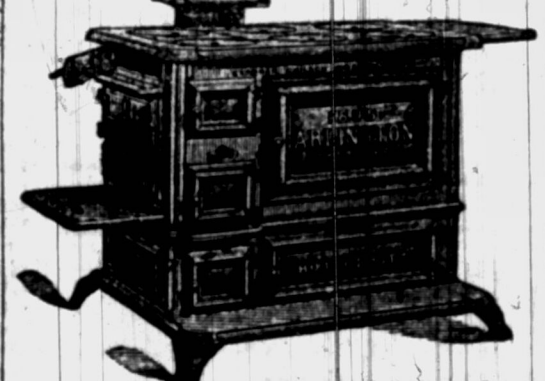
J. A. E. BAILEY, Arlington, Mass.

40-1f

CHILSON'S

ENTIRELY NEW AND GREATLY IMPROVED

PORTABLE RANGE, 1875.



THE ARLINGTON.

With and without Hot Closets.—Every Range warranted.

"NOTWITHSTANDING MY ARLINGTON PORTABLE RANGE has for the past four years and is still having such splendid success, yet I desire to get up a Range with many new and very desirable improvements, which should far surpass the first Arlington; and I now take pleasure in announcing to my numerous friends and customers that my ENTIRE NEW RANGE is now in the market (Sept. 1st, 1875), and would invite those in want of the most splendid RANGE ever offered for sale to examine it thoroughly inside and out, and I believe they will all agree with me that the equal of this work has never before been seen. I have for many years made it a specialty in my business to get up the best possible improvements, to work nothing but the very best quality of stock, and to have the work made in the most thorough manner. In this way I am enabled to turn out work that is in reality, as well as in name, strictly first-class work."

GARDNER CHILSON, Manufacturer.

FOR SALE BY

R. W. SHATTUCK & CO.,

ARLINGTON, MASS.

40-1f

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

THE Co-Partnership existing between Elliott & Moxley is this day dissolved, by mutual consent.

ROBERT J. ELLIOTT,
JAMES MOXLEY.

Lexington, Sept. 29th, 1875.

The business will be continued by ROBERT J. ELLIOTT, who will constantly keep on hand a choice assortment of

Goods in his line of Business,

and guarantees satisfaction in every instance.

Call and see for yourselves.

40-12

ARLINGTON AND LEXINGTON, ATTENTIVE.



CRACKERS.

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Hot Bread every day at 4 p. m. Fresh Morning Bread. Hot Brown Bread every Sunday morning.

Arlington Avenue, Arlington, Mass. 1-1f W. H. PATTEE.



RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For Beauty of Polish, Saving Labor, Cleanliness, Durability & Cheapness, Unrivalled.

MORSE BROS., Prop's, Canton, Mass. 24-32

TARGET PRACTICE,

AT THE

SPY POND HOTEL,

ARLINGTON.

THE Target Ground at the Spy Pond House is one of the best in the country, furnished with convenient houses, grounds, etc. The House furnishes the best of every thing in the way of accommodation.

For terms, etc., apply to

CHAS. L. STEINKRAUSS,

Arlington, Mass. 40-15

Arlington, Oct. 2, 1875.

Bedsteads,

Mattresses, Tables, Chairs, Chamber Sets, &c., sold at

OBERS Furniture Store,

Arlington, Mass.

40-1f

The present hard times are the very best times for a man with a little money to make a good thing. Everything is cheaper, and now is the time to invest. A little money expended in printer's ink will be sure to produce great results. JOB PRINTING is a specialty at this office, and we can give our customers good work at low prices, and on short notice. If you have a stock of goods and want to move it, let the people know where they can make a good bargain.

9 Cents a Roll for Room Paper, at

OBERS Furniture Store,

Arlington, Mass.

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J. W. PEIRCE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in



Coal, Wood, Hay, Grain,

CEMENT, LIME & PLASTER,

Has removed his office to the entrance of his Coal Yard, on

MYSTIC STREET,

Corner of Arlington Avenue,

ARLINGTON, MASS. 7-10

Office, in Lexington, near the Centre Depot.

C. T. WEST, Agent.

40-1f

EMPIRE WRINGER!

Price, \$8.00.

Satisfaction Guaranteed!

Kept constantly on hand and for sale at retail only, by

R. W. SHATTUCK & CO.,

DEALERS IN

COOKING, PARLOR AND OFFICE STOVES,

Furnaces, Ranges, &c.

HARDWARE, CUTLERY, TIN,

Glass, Britannia and Wooden Ware, &c.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

The "Empire" turns with half the labor of other wringers. Has more capacity. The bearings of the rollers need no oiling. Its Cog Wheels are always in gear.

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